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Choice Loetry.

THE MERRY SUNNER MONTHS.

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL the merry Summer months, of ber

And mark how with thine own thin locks—they now are aliver gray— That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering, "Bo

God bless hiem all! those little ones, who, far above this Can make a seeff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler mirth. pirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own glad

Nea, it is be, the hermit bird, that, apart from all his kind, Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft western wind: Cuckoo! cuckoo! he sings again—his notes are void of art; But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts of the Good Lord! It is a gracious boon for thought-crazed wight like me. To smell again these Summer flowers beneath this Summer tree! To suck once more in every breath their little souls away, And feed my fancy with fend dreams of youth's bright Summer day.

That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore, I yet delight to drink;

Leaf, blossom, binde, bill yellow sky, gle music with my dreams, as in the days gone by, muner's loveliness and light fall round me dark and I'll bear, indeed, life's heaviest curse—a heart that waxeth old!

Select Story.

STRANGE REVENGE.

The Man who Never Laughed, and Why He Never Laughed. HEANNOEN

I had an old friend. If fate should ever lead you to the graveyard at Rheims, you might read his name on a slab that is neighborly with the tomb of Abbe Castel, an amiable pact, who has received credit for some things which were produced by somebody else. It is as much as ten years that my old friend has lain under the cypress that his grandchildren planted over him. The wind has grandchildren planted over the public, "Here lies M. Jean Bernard." Moss has crept over the specimen of lapidary caligraphy until the letters of the epitaph have become a velvet green of the most picturesque appearance. velvet green of the most picture sque appearance.

My old friend, like a goodly number of those sonis prayers are effered up. He was brave and adventurous; he had travelled extensively; had been shipwrecked half a dozen times, and was the possessor of a worldly experience well work consulting. It was a more singular thing, how-ever, that in spite of his amistble and often jolly

humor, he never langhed.

M. Bernard was fond of telling pleasant stories, but while all around him were convulsed with laughter, he alone retained his impassability. His features would become animated, his fore-head writkled, his eyes plainly visible; but, as to his lips, they did not seem to be able to ex-press even that silent grimace that Fontenelle tolerated—the snile.

tolerated—the smile.

One evening—it was on board the English steamar Solent—a nephew of my old friend was sitting by my side.

"Tell me," I said suddenly to the young man, "why is it that your uncle never langus?"

"What! have you also marked that peculiarity that slates away back to the days of his child-lood?"

hood?"
"Can you tell me about it?"
"Yes; on condition, however, that you will be careful never to make any allusion to it in my uncle's presence."

I promised; but now that my old friend is dead,
I can take my turn and tell why it was that he
never laughed.

II.

La 1614, during the great war in France, M. Jean Bernard has reached his diffecenth year. He was living in Naney with his mother. His father had been killed in Leipsic, and his eldest brother, a captain in the young guards, was one of the 70,000 heroes who disputed, step by step, the march of the allies on the soil of France, whose success lay in their numbers alone.

It was a rainy day, at the end of February. The Prassians, beaten the night before by Napeleon, fled toward Naney, and traversed hastily the almost deserted streets of the town. Worn out and covered with mud, they formed on the public place in front of the Hotel de Ville. Suddeuly, there was heard the gallop of a score of hoses; subjers, surving on and turning their heads to look back, loaded their guns. They felt that they were pursued by the terrible cuirassiers who had passed their lines on the night before.

rassiers who had passed their lines on the night before.

"They are afraid!" cried a young boy, who was one of the small crowd of citizens looking on.

A burly captain, with a grizzly moustache and an athletic form, heard the remark, booked the boy in the face, and advanced toward him. My old friend—the young boy I mean—turned very

an athletic form, heard the remark, looked the
boy in the face, and advanced toward him. My
old friend—the young boy I mean—turned very
pale, but doubled up his fists and awaited his
coming. The colossal Prussian stepped up, seize
ed the boy by the throat, slapped his face and
threw him to the ground. This revenge accomplished, he lengtheued out his step to regain his
already retreating company.

The young Frenchman jumped quickly to his
feet—livid, breathless, mad with rage—threw
himself upon one of the retreating grenadiers
with an effort to disarm him. He was quickly
thrown to the ground, trampled under foot, and
wounded in the breast with a sabre. The curious crowd that had gathered fied in a state of
consternation when the trouble began, and the
enemy was already out of town when young Berburd, in his paroxysm of rage, was still fighting
jn his own blood with an imaginary foe.

He was picked up and carried home. A brain
fever placed his days and his reason in danger,
and it took all a mother's care to bring him back
to life. He never spoke of this adventure, which
he seemed to have forgotten, and everybody was
careful not to recall it. His character was visibly affected; from frankness and joyonsness he
had become taciturn, and when he was particalarly happy, he contented himself with simply
smilling.

After the year 1815, Jean Bernard was placed

After the year 1815, Jean Bernard was placed in a bank, while his brother renounced the pro-fession of arms, and bought him a farm in the neighborhood of Mulun.

There was a heavy sterm in Mayence on the 21st of November, 1822, raining from 6 o'clock in the morning uptil midnight. Toward 8 o'clock in the evening of that day, Majer Hasner, of the Prussian army, was dancing his little girl upon his knee, giving her his moustache to pull, and listening to the recital of her prayers. After receiving several of those big, childlike kisses that resounded so charmingly, he laid her down in her little cradle. As soon as M'lle, Charlotte had closed her eyes, her mother rocking her, and singing softly one of those little lullables that

can be traced even to the savages, the officer went into the parlor, where his mother sat wait-ing for him. He kissed her forehead in sincere filial affection, then walked up and down the long room several times, halting finally before a window, to look out upon the gleam of light that stretched from the parlor candles upon the wet sidewalk.

sirected from the parior candles upon the wet sidewalk.

A graceful young woman, one finger on her lips, and stepping lightly out of the room where her little girl had fallen asleep, approached the dreamer, who, though he had just been promoted to a majority, still wore hiscaptain's uniform.

"What are you dreaming of, Frederick," she asked, as she leaned her head against her husband's shoulder.

"Of you, Martha," he answered, as he reached ont his arm to draw her toward him.

"Is it the rain that makes you feel so said?"

"No; but the prospect of passing my evening at the inn, when it would be so much pleasanter for me to stay at home with you." sidewalk.

"Then, why do you go !"
"You forget, my dear, that my old friends,
Weisch and Buggler, have offered me a punch
for to-night, which we are to drink in honor of
my promotion."

"Can't I go with you!"

my promotion."

"Can't I go with yon?"

"No." answered the major, who couldn't keep from laughing at the idea of seeing his Martha enter the bar room of an inn.

"Then they don't allow women in your miserable old tavern?"

"It is they who refuse to come. At least, that was the way of it when I was lieutenant. Since then, Martha, I have been with you so much, that I don't know whether there has been any change or not."

"Then go quick, so that you can come back all the sooner," said the young wife, as she disengager herself from her husband's arms."

Major Hasner, who had now reached his thirty-fourth year, was one of the most promising officers of the Prussian army. His character was mild, and his regular features carried an expression that was rather melancholy than otherwise. He threw his great army coat about him, buttoned it up, looked out of the window, and then came back and sat down opposite his mother and beside his wife. Martha had in her hand one of M'lle. Charlotte's little ribbons, which that young lady was probably dreaming of at that moment.

"Come, go on, now, and let me have, this sufe."

moment.

"Come, go on, now, and let me have this sofa all alone," said his wife, who saw his hesitation, and wished to help him out of it.

She received another kiss, and the major, after having traversed the room three or four times with measured tread, bade his mother "good night." With a sigh he stopped a moment before the door of the bed-chamber, to hear the resultar breathing of his child, and then went

away.

There was still a fine drizzling rain outside. It was quite a distance between the major's house and the cafe Aux Armes de Braudenburg, which was situated near the cathedral.

"Devil take Buggler and Weisch for breaking in upon my habits in such weather as this," muttered the officer, as he felt the rain in his face.

There was a time when the rain model and

tered the officer, as he felt the rain in his face.

There was a time when the rain would not have made much difference to him; and then he would have been equally indifferent how late he remained at the tavera. But that was when he was a lieutenant, when he was in France, when his mother was far away, and before he knew Martha.

The major was late in arriving, and his ap-pearance was received with the most respectful substation from his subordinates, and a hearty shake of the hand of his friends.

The veterau Buggler, who had been the first to arrive, had taken the largest table in the room. He broke out in hurrals when he saw his companion enter the room. Hasner had served under his command, and he was delighted at his promotion. As to Weisch, he arose, spread out his mouth, and his great porcelain pipe vibrated in the air as it hung for a moment between his feeth, a post it never left except to be

garrison, the cafe Aux Armes de Brandengurg was frequented only by Prussian officers. The jokes of his two friends and the congratulations

garrison, the cafe Aux Armes de Brandengarg was frequented only by Prussian officers. The jokes of his two friends and the cengratulations of everybody soon drove away the major's bad humor. They all went back to the hattle field. The recollections of the past were revived, while the punch was brewing under the personal superintendence of the captain, who had very willingly taken charge of this feature of the evening's entertainment.

Suddenly the door opened as if it had been burst in by the wind, and a gust of damp air agitated the dense clouds of smoke from the pipes and made the lamps flicker. A young man, wrapped in a cloak, entered the room. His eyes, of a sober gray, took a rapid sweep of all around him. He seemed to hesitate as to where he should sit down—first went toward twoold moustaches that were engaged in a game of chess, then by a sudden change of resolution, took his place at the table where Major Hasner was.

The citizens of Mayence very rarely visited the cafe Aux Armes de Brandenburg unless accompanied by an officer. There was a silence at all the tables for the purpose of inspecting the newcomer, who threw back the wet collar of his cloak and let it fall upon the chair. Light-complexioned, pale, and with a new-loorn mustache covering his upper lip, he saidcurtly to the waiter who asked him what he would have:

"Brandy, beer, anything you like."

The conversation, thus interrupted for a moment, was taken up again, and the waiter placed a glass before the strauger.

"Gentlemen," said the latter, as he turned to the officers who were watching the process of the punch, "which of you speaks French?"

"I know something of the language," answered Major Hasner, as he arose; "in what way can I be of service to you?"

The young man looked into the calm face before him for a moment, then shut his eyes and pressed one of his hands to his breast, as if he were in pain.

"I beg your pardon," he added, in a trembling twoice, a moment after, "but are not these"—and he pointed to the ejanulectes on the major

of the man's arm, he felt a blow in the face.

All the officers jumped up at once and surrounded the Frenchman, who held himself at hay against the wall. Hasner was about to fall upon him, when his friends Weisch and Buggler seized him and held him off. Then a bottle was hurled at the head of the stranger by one of the officers, and broke with a crash against the wall.

"Hold, gentlemen," cried Hasner: "this affair is mine."

He then stepped in front of the man who had insulted him, as if he feared that the latter was going to run away.

"I do not know you," he said, after looking at the Frenchman a moment.

going to run away.

"I do not know you," he said, after looking at the Frenchman a moment.

"Six years ago," replied the other, "one of your countrymen, a captain like you, slapped my face on the public square of my native town. I tried to avenge myself, and I was thrown to the ground, beaten and wounded by his soldiers. I always felt that blow until a moment ago, and I only awaited the death of mother to demand satisfaction for it. I arrived in this town this evening, and I addressed myself to yon—that is, to a man, not a child.

A murmur arose among the officers, but the major suppressed it.

"I am innocent of the outrage that was committed upon you, monsieur," he said, raising his head sadly; "I would not have struck a child any more than you, believe me. You have no mother—so much the better, for you have placed me under the necessity of killing you. My friends," added the major, turning to Weisch and Buggler, "I leave the arrangement of everything to you."

A CHICAGO dentist, Dr. Carpenter, has started a hotel at Hamilton, Canada, and now breaks laws and extracts teeth with hotel beef-steaks instead of pincers.—World.

Wz see thousands that are covetons where we

THE MILLERITE SCARE.

those quiet for a long time, binking that it was been a price of the three of the three prices; and the price of the prices of t

A CLARIVOYANT trio, two women and a man, have been traveling in the South, pretending to cure epizootic by the "laying on of hands." They practiced on a male in Kentucky; the other day, and the firm has since dissolved.

THE CONQUERING GIANT.

There is a gimt, strong and brave,
And generous as great,
Who for the feeble race of men
Doth early tell and late.
He delveth in the murky mire,
And on the furrowed les:
And, with stout vessels built of oak,
He plows the stormy on.

The forest falls beneath the axe, And cities vast arise; And verticate fields look smilling up To greet the amiling akine. He builds the massion, towering high; The little cottage near; And fills to overflowing both, Wish all the heart can cheer.

He chains the atreamlet to the wheel, And bids it turn the mill; He harnesses the love horse. And guides him so his will; His powerful arm defends the weak Against o'expowering wrong. And grateful hearts conspire to prise This giant great and strong.

Fair hands have twined a wreath to deck
His rugged brow with bay:
And we, with joy, have met to keep
His festival to-day.
Then, farmers, artisans, and all
Who scorn your task to shirk,
Come, join your wice with ours, to sing
The mighty giant—Work!

Ex-Governor Donnelly, of Minnesota, recently delivered a vigorous address before a "grange" of husbandmen at Hastings. He told them truths which ought to be known and understood of all delivered a vigorous address before a "grange" of husbandmen at Hastings. He told them truths which ought to be known and understood of all men who are going daily lower on the downhill side of prosperity, as the victims of the laws made to enrich and "protect" pirates and piracy. He read a paper signed by the principal merchants in Hastings, in which they stated that "the amount of purchases made by farmers has fallen off during the last five years from one-third to one half; that is to say, the farmers are evidently economizing in every way, making smaller bills, and buying only the necessaries of life." This, of course, is one of the proofs and consequences of steady, declining prosperity. What is the cause of it? The speaker said, with no less truth than force: "Unjust laws have driven the farmers of the whole country to the wall, and diminished their means of existence one-third or one-half. This, of course, signifies a shrinkage of the entire business of the country had the monopoly power they create and protect, have been bent to impoverish the people, and now they begin to feel that they have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs."

When will our farmers begin to consider the operation of these new slave laws! Here are a few significant facts:

A sewing machine costs for the work and material \$12. We pay \$70 for it. The same machines are exported to Europe and sold for \$22, after paying freight across the Atlantic. I found in the Belfast Ners, of December 4, 1873, the advertisement of the Singer Sewing machine for 71 los, about \$22.50 of our currency. We pay the difference of nearly \$40, under our patent laws, for being the most patient and gullible fools that ever pretended to a capacity of self-gavernment. McCormick gave evidence in a law-snit, recently, that his reapers cost \$50 to manufacture. We pay nearly \$200 for them.

The threshing machines, for which we pay \$700, could, I am informed, be built for \$100. And so of all other implements.

In part, this is the effect of our unjust patent laws

In part, this is the effect of our nujust patent laws; in part, it is the effect of the purchasing power of wealth amassed by means of those laws upon venal congressmen; and, in part, it is the effect of that robber device called a protective tariff, which binds men hand and foot in this "land of liberty" in the power of the protected monopolist. The Englishman has free trace, be, therefore can buy an American Sewing Machine for \$82, while the American living next door to the "protected" manufactors must have now

THE ewner of a tenement house informed his tenants the other day that he was going to raise their rent all round, whereupon they hold a meeting and passed a resolution of thanks to the landlord for promising to raise their rent, as the times were hard, and they feared that without assistance it could not be raised at all.

CONSUMPTION OF TIMBER.

A recent circulared the lumbermen of Pennsylvania estimates the number of railroad the in present use in the United States at 150,000,000. A cut of 200 ties to the acre is above rather than under the average, and it therefore has required the product of 750,000 acres of well-timbered land to furnish that supply. Railroad ties last about five years, consequently 30,000,000 ties are used annually for apairs, taking the timber from 150,000 acres. The manufacture of rolling stock disposes of the entire yield of 350,000 acres, and full supply of nearly 500,000 acres more every year. It appears, then, that our railroads are stripping the country at the rate of 1,000,000 acres per annum, and their demands are mailty increasing.

A competent anthority estimates that the select timber from 150 acres is employed every day, or at the rate of 65,000 acres per annum, in ship-building, including steambout-building. As it is well understood that the advancing price of coal is causing a revival of wooden ship-building, this demand must also increase.

The circular above referred to makes a careful calculation of the area of timber lands and the average yield per acre, and comes to the alarming conclusion that three years' stocking at the present rate will entirely exhaust the lumber now standing in Pennsylvania. A similar state of things may be shown in all the forest districts heretofore furnishing lumber, except that the remoter regions of Maine and Michigan will hold out a few years longer. Far-sighted lumbermen are already looking with anxious interest to the last two belts of primeval forest within our borders, which are of sufficient extent to be considered as national sources of supply. These are the magnificent pineries of the Upper Mississippi, lying mainly in Minnesota, and the immense growth of our North Pacific coast, in Washington Territory.

THE MARD THAT MELOS THE BERAM

Brothers of the plow!
The power is with you;
The world in expectation v.
For action prompt and to
Oppression cleans abroad,
Their clean hands abroad,
Their clean hands abroad,
Awake! then, greate!

The tilippe of the greater, A while it has, genthe!
The great world must be fiel, And Heaven gives the power.
To the hand that haids the break
Yes, Evoltant of the plow!
The people what be fiel,
And Heaven gives the prever.
TO YES HAND THAT ROLDS THE!

Brethers of the piew;
Be collect and quick might.
Tou've primed long and patiently.
For what was years by right—
A fire reward for self.
A fire and open field;
A from and open field;
An houstst clare for wife and home
Of what your harvests yield.

Brothers of the plow!
Come, rally once against
Come, gather from the prairie of
The fill-lide and the plain;
Not as in days of yore,
With trusp of battle's sennelBut come side make the world or
The illiers of the ground.

Awake! then, awake! do.

CHEAPER TRANSPORTATION. The question of cheaper transportation is a good many conditions which are not as on the surface. The matter, as at first per seems to be a dogged determination up part of the railways to charge what they for transportating Western products on and Eastern fabrics westward, and are

ered as national sources of supply. These are the magnificent pincipe of the Upper Mississippi, lying mainly in Minnesota, and the immentation of the magnificent pincipe of the Upper Mississippi, lying mainly in Minnesota, and the immentation of the part of the new thought of the magnificent pincipe of the property. The lomber trade of Minnesota now amounts to 3,000,000 feet per annum; but as even this enormous cutting is supposed only to keep pace with the annual growth, this vast reserve may be said to be almost virtually intact. These Mississippi pincipe extend from the headwater of the great river, easeward to the Meutral River and covering an area of shout 30,000 square in Wincounts, necessary and the world over and covering an area of shout 30,000 square miles. Here will undoubtedly be the sent of our domestic lumber trade for the next fifty year.

Our ship-bullers must, and indeed already do, the string of the products and part of Northwesters Wisconsin, and covering an area of shout 30,000 square miles. Here will undoubtedly be the sent of our domestic lumber trade for the next fifty year.

Our ship-bullers must, and indeed already do, the string of the magnificent products are becoming known the world over and vessels from every quarter of the globe load in Proget Sound. The following, from the pen of the Hou. William A. Howard, Liand Commissioner of the Northwesters where the western terminus of the read will be located:

There is more lumber around Puget Sound than ever I saw before. There is one channel, that ever and press for the market, the world than ever I saw before. There is one channel, that ever and press for the market, and if was bere in the market, it would be located:

There is more lumber around Puget Sound that we will not be not the pression of the seabord parts are necessary to us. It is the bust is and pine. There are three kinds, the white, and if a mile wide, and if one-half of what the period of the seabord parts are necessary to us. It has a care the read of the seabord parts a

startly, which index now hand and fost in the second control of the price of the pr